

Bradford for sale.

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Among the curious sights of the town is the "Halifax Gibbet" "privy panier". It was by the custom of the weavers ~~set in~~ ^{in some parts of the Clothring District} to stretch their long pieces of white (unwashed) cloth upon tenters, & leave it to dry upon the hillsides, & often they left it day & night without any watch. This was a great temptation to thieves, but if the ^{thieves} were found with stolen goods upon him, ^{to the value of} 13*½* d., "Off with his head!" said Halifax law; & and, if it were marked day, he was carried to the gibbet & beheaded on the spot. So Halifax became a name of terror to thieves who learnt well the cloth of the Halifax weavers alone.

Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'? If so, ~~so~~ advise you to be on the look out for it. All boys & girls who have had that pleasure will think the better of Halifax when they know that part of this delightful tale was written ^{by} ~~in~~ ^{him called the Rock Church in this town.} ~~in this town.~~

The clothing towns: Huddersfield, &c.
Huddersfield is another exceedingly "full" old town on clothing won on the great coal fields. Like Bradford & Halifax, it is built of stone, & has wide streets & good buildings, & various excellent institutions for the townspeople. You may count more than a hundred tall chimneys in the town alone, belonging to cotton mills for the most part; and the pretty valley which opens ~~out~~ ^{north} ~~after time~~ on all sides holds many clothing villages. Going out of Huddersfield, ~~you~~ ^{will} find you are in the ~~mountain~~ ^{moor} country ~~steep~~ ^{on the} borders of Yorkshire & Lancashire. Here are

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many edges - Stout Edge, Songwood Edge,
Blast Edge, Moss Edge, & many others: edges in
truth, for when you have climbed the long
bare hill, you find it is really a sort of step,
& at the top, you are on a wide bleak moor.
perhaps Blackstone Edge, on the very border of
Yorkshire, is the highest & the driestest of these
long bare hills. A ~~steamy~~^{steamy}, long road which
climbs the hill in zig-zags, brings you to
the wide moor on the top. Mist is dark with patches
of black bog & ~~the dull foliage of the hill~~^{the dull foliage of the hill}: ~~cross~~^{cross}
~~the moor~~^{the moor} across to another ~~moor~~^{moor} you get into Lancashire.
so as long as you are in the northern county of
Yorkshire, you have passed the
boundary line within Lancashire.
It is curious to see busy villages nestling in the
creek of tall chimneys rising from the very
heart of the mountains: and far as these are, they
are not without beauty, still the valleys between
the long hill ridges are often very lovely. Perhaps
the prettiest part of this corner of Yorkshire is
the Valley of Calder in the valley of the Calder.
Here are small chimneys, it is true; but then the
mills rise by the river side amongst patches
of wood, & pleasant old houses, ^{below even comfortable} ~~old~~^{old} ~~wood~~^{wood} to trees.
Sooley Songwood Edge grows Huddersfield, &
you come to a very interesting spot - called
Reale now, but there is ~~much~~ reason to suppose
it once bore a more imposing name. Here the
farmers find their plough stopped again again
by some hard substance below the soil, & this ^{substance} ~~they~~
examined, turns out to be, not the rock of the
district, but the buried foundations of buildings,
such as corroded as the foundations
Not here has plainly been a ^{great} town on the
spot. Who built the town, & who lived in it? It

It is possible to answer these questions as.
The foundations are built of brick, but they are not brick,
of English make. ^{Small and square} tiles are their base, which have
paved the floors. ^{Some of these} is an inscription
almost to a certainty that ~~was~~ ^{is} ~~stands~~ in what
the Calderdale folk call the "old" in "old"
mention of which is made in ^{about} the books of the Romans.

At least amongst the clothing town is Dewsbury
in the pretty valley of the Calder, where there are
blanket, mills carpet, cloth factories, & shoddy-
mills. Here are very large Co-operative buildings
where the work-people of the town ^{now} not only have
stores for all kinds of afford, clothing, &c. but have
reading rooms & a music hall. Within ^{about} two or three miles of Dewsbury is Batley, where
are the ~~smallest~~ ^{largest} shoddy mills. Here, bits
of old woollen cloth spell out are torn up, the wool
is cleansed, goes through as many processes
as if it had just come off the sheep's back, is
mixed with new wool, & is finally made into
various stuffs & cloths which are hardly to be
seen ~~done~~ ^{done} made of cloth just afford
a view. The Battle of Wakefield.

Wakefield, though small & prosperous clothing
town, has long since dropped behind in the racing
seeds. ^{Market} ~~street~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{market} Wakefield is a pleasure-
country town where farmers bring their produce
for sale, & along corn, wool, & cattle, or salt,
& along the banks of the Calder are numerous
stores, not wool warehouses, but magazines
for the corn which is to feed the hungry
months of the West Riding. Not its mills
or its Rice Hall, but its Corn Exchange
is the principal building of Wakefield, says,
hardly to be well known that Lane Exchange is

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London, but of Relyee is the largest in England.
On the Yorkshire farmers' gathering, was enacted that
much business is done, money being paid, the
as ~~made~~ ^{marked} at "merry Wakefield," on market-day.
There is a bridge over the Calder, & on the bridge
is a little chapel, raised by King Edward IV of
England that prayers might be said ^{said} ~~made~~ here
for his father's soul, because, as a spot
close by the bridge, on the right-bank of the
Calder, the Duke of York was slain in the famous
battle of Wakefield, (1460). This was how it
happened:-

In the year 1455 was fought the first battle in the
grievous Wars of the Roses. A sad time for England
followed. For sixteen years war reigned & desolation
the land, & though the people in the towns went
on with their business, all the great barons
& their retainers fought either for the House of
York or for that of Lancaster. The King ^{Henry VI} belonged
to the House of Lancaster. He could not see any
reason why he should not be King as long as
he lived, & leave the crown to his son. He said,
(My father was King; his father also was King,
I myself have worn the crown for forty years from
my cradle. (his father, Henry V, had died when he
was a baby). You have all sworn fealty to me
as your sovereign, how then can my right
be disputed? The King was right enough; there
was no good reason why he should not be
King. But he was often ill & unable to govern
the land himself, so things went wrong, & the
King was blamed. When Richard, Duke of York,
declared that he had ^{a better} the best right to be King
of England, he found many ready to support him.
His

his claim was, that he & the King were both descended from Edward III, & that he was more nearly related to this King than was Henry.

of the Queen.
The Duke of York set out from London to meet her, with an army of from a few hundred men. About two miles from Wakefield is still to be seen the ^{site} ~~old~~ of Sandal Castle, ~~at that time~~ fortresses belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters to wait for the arrival of his son Edward, Earl of March, with another army from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed

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to force the Castle. He then placed troops in ambuscade on each side of Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford & the Earl of Wiltshire, & appearing before the castle with the main body of his army, with many trumpet signals & provoked the Duke to battle. So he left under the protection of Sandal Castle & descended with his small army upon Wakefield Green. "But," says an old historian, "when he was in the plain ground between his castle & the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net; or a deer in a buck-stall so that he, manfully fighting, was within halfe an hour slain & dead; this whole army discomfited; & with him died, besides his noble friends, two thousand & eight hundred others, ~~those~~ ^{there} many were young gentlemen & heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose friends avenged their deaths within four months ^{after} ~~next~~ & Lord Clifford, whose father was slain at the battle of St. Albans, had taken oath that he would not leave a man of the house of York alive; and "to slay the Queen at Wakefield, he was called the butcher" (butcher). The story goes that he came to the place where lay the body of York, covered with many wounds; & he struck off the head, & set on it a crown of paper, & placed it on a pole & presented it to his Queen, of which present was much joy, but many laughed then that soon lamented after. The Queen had the head carried to York & placed upon Micklegate Bar.

"So York may overlook the town of York."
muttered the old tot of Clifford's gravity in this same bar.

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battalions. While the fight was raging, the young
Earl of Rutland, the ^{4th} son of Richard of York, a
fair gentleman & a maiden-like person, was
gently & secretly led away from the field by his
schoolmaster. But the wot was espied by the
Lord Clifford, who, in a piece of voice, asked the
boy who or what he was. The young gentleman,
dismayed, had not a word to speak, but knelt on
his knees, imploring mercy, both with weeping
up his hands & making dolorous countenance
for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,'
said his schoolmaster, 'for he is a prince; for
many do you good hereafter.' With that word
the Lord Clifford marked him, & said, 'Thy
father slew mine, & so will I do the same & kill
him.' Whereupon he raised his dagger & slew
the boy. ^{On the 14th day of April, 1459.} Three months after, this same
Clifford was slain upon Tewkesbury Field, struck
in the throat by a headless arrow. There is
some reason to doubt this story of the death of
the Earl of Rutland. Shakespeare in his play
of Henry VI. makes the Duke of Bedford
valorized them this land of sixteen or seventeen
appears to have shewn. His story of the death of
Rutland from a youth of seventeen, who was then far
more likely to be a schoolmaster of the Duke, than the son of
the Earl of Rutland.
less than twenty miles from Wakefield, in the

Village of Towton, & near the village is a meadow. There the grass is rich & rank, there is a thick bed of wild roses, red & white, growing together in loving clusters. This meadow was the scene of one of the most bloody battles ever fought on English ground. Fought upon the 29th of March, 1461, between the Red Rose of Lancaster & the White Rose of York. & leaving it was said 30,000 & 40,000 men dead on the field. Again the hardy men of the north gathered from mountain to moor.

more under the banner of the Red Rose, to
the number of 15000 of Lancastrian. Their
leaders were the earls of Northumberland & Westmor-
land & other great nobles of the north & south.
Henry & Queen Margaret meantime remained
in the capitol of York, some eight miles off.
Under the White Rose of York an almost
equal army was gathered, they too had the
Lancastrian banner in their midst; for Edward
the eldest son of the fallen Duke of York had
been duly crowned King of England at Westminster.
Moreover they had the earl of Warwick, one of the
barons of England, who could raise an army
from his own earldom; the King-maker, he was
called, because men said he could make the
king he would in England.

At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, it is
said, the two armies met, they fought blindfold
through the night, & on into the quiet of Sunday
morning. The snow falling thick all the time,
laying a white sheet over the plain. The
quarter, two prisoners, was the order on
both sides. They fought blindfold with arrows,
then the archers threw aside their bows,
drew their swords & a terrible hand to hand
conflict began. At last the Lancastrians
began to give way, retreating in order until
they reached the little River Cock which winds
round the "Bloody Mead." which was at
this time swollen by the winter rains. They
descended to the river by a very steep road
the men from behind fell headlong upon the
in front, Germany perished in the water. Not
the rest crossed over the dead bodies of their
comrades. Edward returned to London undaunted
for a time, while Margaret & Henry fled into Scotland
and then a most eventful year & died broken on the

Sales of Pontefract Castle.
Memories of Pontefract

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"A Rompset, Rompset! Other bloody priors.
Latet & omnibus a noble peers!" Nich. III.

Before we leave the Aire Valley we must see the town of Pontefract, not that it is a place of very great importance now, but because the name occurs over and again in our history books, there are ~~few~~ ^{but} towns in England to which more interesting memories belong.

Pontefract is a clean, pleasant country town. ~~on~~ Saturdays, a great market is held for cows & cattle. A rather curious crop is raised in the neighbourhood: longitudes of very pretty plant with feathery leaves will up the fields: for ~~four~~ years this plant is allowed to grow, & then it is pulled up by the roots, long roots, reaching ten or twelve feet into the soil. The roots are powdered, & the juice pressed from them is made into dark lozenges stamped with Pontefract Gates - the Pontefract liquorice lozenges that most ^{Yorkshire} children know.

But it was to its castle that Pontefract owed its ancient fame, a castle that for 800 years was the glory of the wretched Yorkshire. When the Conqueror led his army into Yorkshire, he granted the lands of this district - stretching far and wide to one Robert de Lacy, &c. finding a high rock which commanded the Aire, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he was able to keep much of the country in subjection. An immense castle it was, surrounded by a high wall flanked by seven towers, & without was a ^{deep} bivouac, to be crossed by a drawbridge.

And there were dungeons in the keep, frightful dungeons, one of which reached only through a ~~hole~~ in the trap trap - down in the floor of the ~~keep~~ under which it lies, so that prisoners let down into its pitchy darkness would have

Small hope of being hauled up into the light of day again.

Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out in the northern counties both sides struggled for the possession of this great stronghold, & that is why the name of Pontefract appears so often in books of English history.

Saint-Thomas of Lancaster.

Thomas of Lancaster was a mighty baron. No grandson of a king, (Henry III), the lord of nine earldoms, he dwelt at his castle of Pontefract with the state of his a prince, surrounded by a great host of retainers, all spoken as one by his tailors east of his meet.

He was the people's friend, and only in Yorkshire, but all over England, men looked to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy Hunger-taxation. To the king, Edward II, gave his heart this time worthless favourites, then his unhappy people that he might have money to spend upon idle pleasures. His other favorite was Piers Gaveston, a glut-tongued foreigner who brought little of anything England's greatest nobles. In exasperated barons, even foreigners' favorites were not they know how to break them. So, rose at length under Thomas of Lancaster, followed by avenger to Scarborough Castle where he had been kept, took the castle, secured their prisoners, carried him to Becket's Hill near Warwick, where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster. The king dissembled in rage after a while, for could he restore his favorite to life? & a hollow peace was patched up, the victorious barons owing for the royal pardon & keep of his lands & the minimum for the people by setting up new favorites, two to be Spares this time, Pether & Son, who had been, in the first place, dependents of Thomas of Lancaster. Again the barons rose under him.